

Nowheresville
By
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1. **Ext early morning:** It is raining hard in a narrow alley somewhere in the **Big City**. The shot is tight with black bars on either side giving the view a narrow, vertical frame. In the distance is a tiny slot of light, the street. There are a number of dumpsters on either side and the rain makes a constant rattling against the closed lids. A number of rats can be seen making their way along the walls.
2. **Ext early morning:** Closer on one of the dumpsters. We hear activity inside when the lid abruptly pops open. A disheveled and bruised young bearded man emerges. He has a blackened eye and a swollen lower lip. He has obviously suffered a beating recently. He is wearing a dirty trench coat over a dirty, but expensive looking suit. In his right hand he is holding a .45 automatic at ready. On his fingers are a couple of heavy, gold rings with showy gemstones. They are not tasteful, but they are obviously expensive. He looks around warily. He is clearly alert, even paranoid, a man on the run. His name is unimportant.
3. **Ext early morning:** Return to the first narrow view. A noise from offscreen, a voice in the distance causes the man to drop back into the dumpster and close the lid as quietly as possible.

First pursuer (male)
Where is that asshole?

Second pursuer (also male)
I thought heard something from over there.

We see two large men from behind as they jog up the alley from off screen. One of them stops to open the very dumpster in which we previously saw the man and looks inside.

First pursuer
Nothing here.

Second pursuer
He's not going to hide in a goddamn dumpster. He must have made it out to the street.

They run off down the alley and into the street and after a second of indecision, dash off to the right. There is a moment of silence where we hear only the falling rain then the dumpster lid pops open again and the young man emerges even dirtier than before, looks left and right and then attempts to hop out of the dumpster. He catches his foot and falls face first into a puddle.

4. **Ext early morning.** Close up on the young man's face as he lifts himself up from the puddle. His nose is flat and bloody and his face is dripping with God-knows-what.

Unimportant
Shit!

He gets right up and we only see his feet in the frame as he runs off toward the street.

5. **Ext early morning.** We see the man from the side as he runs through the alley. We can now see that the suit and the coat he wears are a few sizes too large for him. He raises the hand in which he holds the gun and hikes up the sleeve to view a device on his wrist.
6. **Ext early morning.** Close up on his wrist showing the hand with the .45 still gripped in it. There is a device on his wrist like a watch except much larger. It has an LCD screen about the size of a business card. We see that it shows a figure of **00:31:49**. It changes to **00:31:48** and then **00:31:47** as we watch. It is counting down. To *something*.
7. **Int early morning.** An apartment in the city. It is luxuriously appointed with deeply oiled wood paneled walls hung with oil paintings. One of them is recognizably a Rembrandt. There is a large shelf filled with leatherbound books, most of which appear to be quite old. There is a huge mahogany desk, very neatly kept on which sits a laptop computer, a phone and a sleeping Siamese cat. There is a window visible through which we can see the pouring rain. An expensively dressed, heavysset, middle aged man sits at the desk talking on the phone. He is Myron Gates.

Gates (on the phone)

You have nothing to worry about sir, Stanton and Dawson are getting him now. If I have anything to say about it, he *will not* become a problem. (pause) Yes, I understand. (pause) Of course I know that. (pause) no, I won't let you down, he's as good as back in your hands.

He hangs up the phone and stares straight ahead for a second. Suddenly he snarls and brings his fist down hard on the desk making the phone and the computer bounce a bit and waking the cat who runs off.

Gates
FUCK!!!

8. **Int early morning.** Same room, wider shot. The two men who were chasing the guy with the gun burst in. They are soaking wet and stand facing the man at the desk dripping on and making footprints on an obviously priceless Persian carpet.

First pursuer (Stanton)
We lost him, Mister Gates.

Second pursuer (Dawson)
He dipped into an alley and that was the last we saw of him.

9. Int early morning. Close up on Gates. He is clearly pissed off.

Gates
Damn it! Why the hell do I keep a couple of jerk-offs like you on the payroll if you can't bring in one guy. He's just some punk, not James-fucking-Bond! How hard can it be?

10. Int early morning. Reverse on the two pursuers (Stanton and Dawson).

Stanton
I'm sorry Mister Gates. We'll try again.

11. Int early morning. Reverse on Gates.

Gates
Then get the hell out there! You have less than a half hour before you-know-what! The Secretary of Defense was tearing me a new one not one minute ago! If we blow this, we are screwed!

12. Ext morning. A bus stop in the city. Under the shelter is a fat bald man with a huge cup of Dunkin Donuts coffee reading the sport section on the bench. A young woman in business clothes is sitting next to him rapidly working at the thumb board of a Blackberry. There is an old lady with a shopping basket who is looking to her left with a curious expression on her face. The camera pans right to show the young man with the unimportant name standing waiting for the bus being rained on outside the shelter. He is a mess. In spite of the fact that his clothing is expensive, he looks like he has spent at least two nights sleeping in dumpsters and under bridges. He is doing his best to look nonchalant, but he's filthy and has a gun stuck in the front of his pants. There's nothing he can do about that. A bus pulls into the frame obscuring everyone at the stop from view.

13. Int of the bus, morning. The young man is getting on behind the old lady. He reaches in his pocket and realizes that he has no change.

14. Int of the bus. Close up of the man's hand as he removes one of the gold rings.

15. Int of the bus. The young man extends his hand with the ring toward the driver.

16. Int of the bus. Close up on the driver. His eyes get big. He reaches for the ring and takes it, then reaches in his own pocket and puts change in the hopper.

17. Int of the bus. Two shot of the man and the driver at the front of the bus. The driver waves the man on.

Bus Driver

Pleasure doing business with you!

The man makes his way to a seat near the back.. He sits down and looks at the device on his wrist.

18. Int of the bus. Close up of the device on his wrist. It now shows **00:22:40** and is still counting down.

19. Cut to Int morning: Gates' apartment. Gates is on the phone again. The cat is now asleep on the windowsill while the rain still pounds down.

Gates (on the phone)

So, you spotted him?

20. Cut to Ext street. Stanton is standing under the awning of a closed florist shop talking on a cell phone. The rain is coming down in sheets making an awful racket.

Stanton

He was getting on a bus just as we came around the corner.

21. Cut back to Gates' apartment:

Gates

So why didn't you follow him in the car?

22. Cut back to Stanton:

Stanton

Dawson did, but I stayed behind just in case he gave us the slip. This guy is smarter than he looks.

23. Cut back to Gates.

Gates

Either that or you guys are *way* stupider than even I think you are!

24. Cut back to Stanton.

Stanton

Don't worry, Mister Gates. Dawson's gonna head him off. We'll get him.

He snaps the cell phone closed.

Stanton

You fat fuck.

25. Cut to Int morning on the bus. The young man is sitting with his head back. He obviously hasn't had decent sleep in some time. A teenage kid is sitting next to him looking him over. The kid's eyes come to rest on the device attached to the man's wrist.

Kid

Hey mister.

The man ignores him. The kid gives him a gentle nudge.

Kid

Hey Mister.

The man stirs. His eyes open. He looks tiredly annoyed.

Unimportant

What? What the hell you want, kid?

Kid

Wazzat thing on your arm, mister?

26. Int of the bus. Lose up on the man. His expression is strange, sort of a "I know something you don't know" kind of look. A mixture of dread and humor. His eyes are bottomless wells of fatality.

Unimportant

You don't wanna know, kid.

27. Cut back to two shot of the kid and the man.

Kid

I don't? Then why'd I ask? C'mon, man, what is it?

Unimportant

It's the end of the line. It's all she wrote. It's the fat lady's song. It's a one way ticket to Nowheresville.

The kid looks both puzzled and impatient. His expression is one of someone who isn't interested in quasi-poetic crap.

Kid

Hey, that's some real pretty talk, mister, but I still don't know what that thing is.

28. Cut to a close up of the device: It now reads **00:16:26**.

29. Cut to two shot of the man and the kid.

Unimportant

You ever hear of “anti-matter”?

Kid

No. Is that thing made of it?

Unimportant

It’s got some inside of it. Twelve hundred micrograms. It’s some bad stuff, kid. It makes everything it touches go away.

Kid

Huh! I know a couple of people I’d like to touch with it! My Gym teacher. My Dad, that asshole. That fucktard, Jimmy.

Unimportant

This little bit will make the *city* go away in about fifteen minutes. I gotta split, kid. I gotta get out of the city.

The kid ponders for a couple of seconds.

Kid

Maybe you should have taken a cab instead of the bus. Maybe a driver wouldn’t let you in because of the way you smell.

Unimportant

I got no bread, kid.

30. Cut to Ext morning. A car is racing along behind the bus with Dawson at the wheel. He tries unsuccessfully a couple of time to cut the bus off but is thwarted by other cars blocking him in the morning commuter rush. He has a headset on and is in communication with Stanton.

Dawson

I can’t get ahead of ‘em! It looks like traffic might end up gridlocked before too long! The rain is making people drive all kinds of stupid.

31. Cut back to the bus. Two shot of the man and the kid.

Kid

So...did you invent it?

Unimportant

C'mon, kid, do I look like that kind of egghead?

32.Cut to. Int night. Gates' apartment. It is dark with the only light coming in through a window. A combination of moonlight and streetlights.

Caption

Two nights ago.

V.O. Unimportant

I stole it like I stole these clothes! I got 'em out of an apartment.

A shadow is seen on the fire escape outside the window. The man is shown forcing open the window and entering. He has a flashlight that he casts about the room. It is he, the one with the unimportant name, in jeans, sneakers and a gray hooded sweatshirt.

33. Close up of the flashlight beam shining on the desk. There is an expensive looking pen sitting on the blotter . The man's hand reaches into the frame and grabs it. The hand pulls open the desk drawer. The device is sitting on top of a folder marked **TOP SECRET-EYES ONLY**.

34. Full figure on the man. He is looking at the device. He sees that it has sort of a double watch band. Without a second's thought he clasps it onto his right wrist. It seems easier than sticking it in his pocket. It makes a sound like a handcuff locking when it goes on. It makes a beep and the screen on it lights up.

35. Close up of the device. It reads **49:59:56** and is counting down. He immediately tries to unlock it without success.

Unimportant

Ahhh....I'll figure it out later...

V.O. Unimportant

I was doing pretty good. There were some nice suits in the closet and some cash in the bedroom. I just can't get the bracelet thing off. It's locked.

36. Int day. A motel room. The man is tied to a chair. He is now wearing Gates' suit. He has been beaten up. There are three guys standing over him. Stanton, Dawson and a third guy.

V.O. Unimportant

These guys caught me and told me what it was. Told me it was stuck on me for the duration. I *freaked out* man!

37. Close up of the man's hands working his bonds loose.

38. A shot of the third guy from behind. He has a .45 stuck in his belt in the back of his pants. A hand reaches into the frame and grabs the gun. In slow motion, the guy spins around and a shot fires into his chest fountaining blood.

V.O. Unimportant

I grabbed a gun and shot one of 'em and I ran away, but I can't get it off!

39. Back to the two shot of the man and the kid on the bus.

Kid

Shit! I would've cut my arm off!

Unimportant

I thought of that, but I didn't think I would have the strength to get far enough away in time. I don't think I have the nerve either.

Kid

So what's your name?

Unimportant

My name is unimportant! We're all gonna be shakin' hands with Jesus in a few minutes!

He looks around.

Unimportant

The traffic has stopped! I gotta split!

He gets up.

40. Cut to long shot of the bus stuck in traffic. The door opens and the man gets out and starts running through the rain..

41. Cut to view inside of Dawson's car. He's yelling into the head set.

Dawson

Holy shit! He's on foot, I'm gonna go get 'em.

42. Cut to exterior shot of Dawson's car. He abandons it in traffic and starts to run after the man. He pulls out a gun and fires a shot in his direction. We hear a few shouts and a woman screams in panic. Traffic comes to a dead halt.

43. Long shot of the man running ahead of Dawson. He turns and returns fire. People on the sidewalk are running for cover. There isn't a cop in sight. One is never around when you need one.

44. Close up of the man's wrist as he fires two more shots. The audio is "close up" too, the shots are deafeningly loud. The device on his wrist shows **09:12** and counting..

45. Cut to Gates on the phone with Stanton. He is pacing around his desk and looks like he has been sweating profusely.

Gates

Stanton, you have to get down there with Dawson and catch that freak. They're going to have me up on every charge their little minds can dream up if this thing goes any more sour!

46. Cut to Stanton, now walking along a crowded sidewalk in the pouring rain.

Stanton

Sir, why did you even have that thing in your house?

47. Cut back to Gates. Close up on his face.

Gates

Who the hell do you think you are asking me a question like that? Who the *fuck* do you think you are? People were interested. People with money. *Big* money!

Comprende? I could have *owned* my own country! Owned it outright. The whole godamned shooting match. The land, the buildings, the people. I could eat my meals off of them if I wanted! Then this little punk...this *asshole*...comes along and....AAAGGGGHHHH!

48. Cut back to Stanton.

Stanton

Sir, you had better get a grip. We're coming down to the wire here.

49. Back to Gates.

Gates

Don't you tell *me* to get a grip, fuckface! Just get that punk and bring me back my product!

He throws the receiver at the wall which wakes up the cat who bolts from the room with a loud hiss.

50. Back to Stanton who is snapping his phone closed.

Stanton

That guy needs killing.

He stops alerted by the sound of distant gunfire. The sound is barely audible through the pounding rain.

51. Cut to shot of a huge traffic jam. Dawson and the man are dodging between cars and exchanging shots here and there. There are *still* no cops to be seen.

52. The man is backing cautiously past the window of a car where a woman is holding a toddler close to her breast. Both she and the child are quaking in fear from the gunfight going on around them. Suddenly the child cries out, startling the man and his weapon discharges with a loud report causing the woman to scream and the child to start crying.

53. Cut to Dawson several cars away. The visibility is terrible, but he heard the sound of the shot and the woman's scream. He starts heading in that direction.

54. Cut to close up of the man's wrist. The device reads **00:06:16**.

55. Close up of Dawson's face. He is dripping with water, his clothes are clinging to him. It's actually hard to move in the driving rain. Horns are honking almost constantly. Babies are crying, people are shouting and finally, a siren can be heard in the distance.

Dawson

Enough of this shit. Lets make some space.

He reaches inside his jacket and withdraws a peculiar looking device, a bristly looking hand weapon of uncertain pedigree. He points it in the direction from which he heard the man and pulls the trigger.

56. Longshot with Dawson far to the left of the screen. A blast of crackling plasma issues from the device in his hand and the car that was shielding the man suddenly vaporizes.

57. Cut to a quick shot of the woman in the car with her child as they evaporate into their component atoms. Now Dawson stands in clear view. He levels the weapon directly at the camera and pulls the trigger again..

58. Cut to the view from Dawson's perspective. The man's eyes go wide and he instantly drops to the ground. At the same instant, a cop car comes directly into the path of the plasma jet and is instantly vaporized. So much for the authorities. Things have gotten *way* out of hand.

59. Full figure on the man as he gets up and bolts. In the poor visibility of the rain, he quickly disappears.

60. Back on Dawson.

Dawson

Son of a...

61. Cut to Ext morning. The docks. The shot is all gray. The agitated sea, the warehouses, the various boats, all gray. The only color is a few men making their way around in bright yellow raincoats. The man comes running into the shot. He turns around and points his gun and pulls the trigger. Nothing. Out of ammo. He sighs and tosses the gun aside. He runs out of shot.

62. Cut to Dawson running into a different part of the dock neighborhood. He looks left and right and cocks his ear as if he hears something. There is a noise coming from inside the warehouse right next to him. He flings open a door and enters.

Dawson

Where are you, ya punk?

63. Cut to elsewhere in the warehouse. The man is in there up on a high shelf hidden by several crates. The side of one of them comes off when he leans against it and he looks inside.

Unimportant (softly)

Oh-ho!

64. close up on the man's wrist. The gizmo reads **00:04:34.**

65. Dawson is wandering around between the shelves. There is a sudden rustling sound and he looks up to see the man. He points the plasma ray and fires. Just as the man holds up a mirror. The ray is reflected back at him and he is instantly vaporized. The man jumps down and runs out.

- 66. From the man's point of view we see the door of the warehouse as he is running out.** There is a hacksaw hanging from a nail near the door.
- 67. Close up on the hacksaw.** The man's hand reaches into the frame and pulls it down.
- 68. The man is shown running out of a warehouse door as the building bursts into flames.** Who the hell knows why.
- 69. The man is seen from behind as he leaps into a motorboat.** He starts up the motor.
- 70. From a distance we see the boat speeding over a choppy sea.**
- 71. Same view, greater distance. The boat looks very small.**
- 72. Same view, even greater distance. The boat is just a dot.**
- 73. Same view, still greater distance. We cant see the boat at all.** Suddenly a sphere of light expands to a huge size, at least a kilometer in diameter. The light winks out and for an instant we see a spherical void. Everything in that space has simply ceased to exist. The water of the ocean looks like a great bowl, the clouds above have been neatly cloven so as to perfectly describe the spherical shape. It persists for but a second, then everything starts to rush into the vacuum. The water slides inward and rises into a great fountain and the air rushes in with a sound like the mother of all thunderclaps! A shockwave is blown out dispersing the rainclouds and letting the sun shine down upon the wounded sea.
- 74. Cut to Stanton.** He has just gotten past the traffic jam when he sees a fast moving cloud coming up the street. Ahead of it is a mass of tumbling debris including dumpsters, cars and parts of buildings. The cloud rushes in and the shot goes black.
- 75. A shot from above of the city as the shockwave makes its way in from the waterfront slowing down after a few blocks.** Buildings on the waterfront are pummeled, We see siding and shingles torn from them, but the shockwave stops before it gets into downtown.
- 76. Downtown.** The rain has stopped, but there are wild unpredictable winds blowing. Stanton and many others have been buried by debris.
- 77. Close on a pile of debris.** A crumpled garbage can, newspapers, some pieces of random lumber and siding blown off of nearby buildings. A few pieces suddenly shift aside and Stanton stands up. He is dirty and scratched up, but otherwise in one piece. He looks around.

78. Distant shot toward the harbor from Stanton's point of view. There is a ring of clear sky over the harbor. In the center, rising from the water is a pillar-shaped white cloud. Most of the buildings in the direction of the waterfront have surface damage, but most are still standing. A good number of cars have been overturned and almost every car in the city has its alarm going off.

79. Close up on Stanton.

Stanton
Shee-it!

He exhales and coughs a few times and shakes mud off of himself.

Stanton
I'm coming, Mister Gates.

80. Full figure on Stanton. Other people are either getting to their feet or attempting to dig others out. Stanton turns around and starts walking back up in the direction he came from. As he walks off, the rain begins to fall again.

81. Cut to Gates looking out of his apartment window. His face is ashen. He turns around and whips open his desk drawer.

82. Close up of the contents of the drawer. There is a passport and several bundles of cash, both American and Euros. He grabs the lot.

83. On the street we see Gates hailing a cab. There is general chaos. People are running too and fro. A cab pulls up and Gates gets in.

84. Int taxicab. View of the back seat from the front. Gates hurriedly gets in. He is already soaked with rain.

Gates

Get me to the airport. I don't care what shortcuts you take!

The camera pulls back to reveal that the cabdriver is Stanton. He turns around and points a gun at Gates.

85. Shot from the side showing Stanton leaning over the seat pointing the gun at Gates. Suddenly Gates reaches into his jacket and withdraws one of the plasma weapons like Dawson had. He points and both he and Stanton fire at once.

86. Shot of the cab from outside. Gates has miscalculated horribly in using the

energy weapon in a confined space. The entire cab suddenly glows and vaporizes leaving only a black stain on the pavement which is being rapidly washed away by the rain.

87. Cut to: The waterfront the burning warehouse has been snuffed out by the explosion. There is a litter of broken parts of small boats and pieces of the docks everywhere. From under a pile of rope and broken crates, the man crawls out. His right hand is gone and the stump is wrapped tightly with duct tape. Even so, blood oozes out from various places.

89. Close up on his face. He is looking out to sea. His face shows pain, but also wonder.

Unimportant
Shit, that was intense!

Fade to black.